The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR

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. . EDITORIALS . .

STUDENT SUICIDES

COLLEGE editors have lately been concerning themselves with the cases of student suicides throughout the nation. It seems that on all sides students grown weary of the weighty trials and tribulations which commonly beset college students are nibbling cyanide or blowing holes in their skulls with pistods. Now, it only takes seven or eight cases like this to make the editors want to do something about it. Editors are very busy people, what with finding or manufacturing facts to be brought to the attention of their readers, and while they deplore the special tragedies of the student suicides, they are rather inclined to welcome this fresh field for general and original speculation, enumeration, and moralizing. Thus your religiously inclined editor will go to great lengths to show that all these suicides are due to the fact that God has been put out of our universities, and that students are let read Schopenhauer, Comte, and other false prophets: without God the pains of life become unendurable to the student, so he writes a very pathetic note to whom it may concern and drinks a tumbler of carbolic acid. And your editor, who is not much concerned with the place of religion in the scheme of things, is off on a different tack; he'll have it that the gentry who commit suicide are cowards, that they haven't the strength and the courage to withstand a few trifling difficulties, to pitch in and work for Progress (the kind with a capital P): what is wanted is to have the doctrine of Progress appreciated and the demands of Progress fulfilled universally among college students. These two grand remedies are very pretty, but like most editorial remedies, they are also quite impracticable. It is true enough that if Catholic (or Christian if you will) principles were universally appreciated among students, there would be no suicides, just as it is true enough that if we had some ham, we'd have ham and eggs—if we had some eggs. Also it is true enough that if all college students were of a sudden to become violently interested in the cause of Progress, and to set to work with might and main for that cause, there would be no more student suicides, just as it is true enough that if all children were decapitated at birth, headaches would in time become extinct.

The fact of the matter is that God in the schools and Progress are very remote causes in the present instance; and causes which are not to be had for the asking—not even at editorial behest. In the matter of stemming the tide of student suicides, as in a good many matters of life, our brave editors will have to temper their tastes considerably: they will have to muddle along with local remedies and leave the essential (but irremediable) defects be. An editor can't dispense with the effects of original sin by saying that there should be no original sin; no more can he dispense with the effects of Godless education by saying that religion should be taught and appreciated in all the schools of the country. Another editor can't make Democrats out of us all by merely spinning a eulogy on the excellence of that party; no more can he create a universal adulation of Progress by merely prattling about its beneficent effects.

OF HEADACHES AND DECAPITATION

THE faith our most prominent journalists have in civilization, and especially American civilization, is touching to behold. One paper recently bore two articles by men of national renown, each having to do with the remarkable strides which have already been made and which are going to be made from now on with ever increasing velocity and volume. In one article it appeared that temper was a relic of man's jungle days, and quite as useless as one's appendix. Temper, however, has a way of cropping out in the child not yet amenable to reason, just as appendixes persist in appending themselves to the caecum, or whatever it is. This is inconvenient and requires, so to speak, an operation in the interests of civilization. If then, the parents have the interests of civilization at heart (and of course they have) they must from the very first symptoms of temper apply disciplinary scalpels with never a qualm of false mercy—the approved civilized method, it seems, is to use all the dignified composure one can muster when the child flies off in a tantrum, to pay no heed to all the bawling, shrieking, and stamping the child can bring into play, and thus to make the young one understand that by temper he can obtain nothing, not even a hearing. One attains this remarkable composure, we suppose, by taking in the breath of culture civilization spreads around, above, and beneath us.

The other article was on the subject of ignorance. The illustration used was a murder case. A child had diptheria; the father called in a doctor; the doctor administered a serum; the chlid died; the father in a fit of anger slew the physician. This, according to the journalist was one of the sad cases of ignorance still to be met with upon occasion: not on the part of the physician; no, no—administering the serum was quite the wisest thing medical science could have done—but on the part of the distracted father in blindly striking out at the one he conceived to be the cause of his sorrow. This led our journalist to enumerate a number of other ignorant beliefs such as possession by the Devil and remedies therefor, and trial by ordeal. Nowadays, of course, such nonsense is not countenanced; instead of literally beating the devil out of a patient, our learned doctors inject a half-pint of serum especially concocted to help the white corpuscles to lay the dread heebie-jeebie germs by the heels and cast him out for all time, and instead of making a man carry a red-hot iron in his bare hand, our enlightened dispensers of justice sweat the criminal, twist his arms, beat him over the mouth, cross and recross-question him until he is well nigh crazy, and emerge from this orgy with the beautiful, the absolute truth. The marvel of it all is, though, that there is still a great deal of ignorance among men, and this, our journalist said, must be stamped out. His tirade against ignorance resembled very closely several tirades against lack of religious training in the schools, mentioned elsewhere on this page; he is another one who would dispense with the evil effects of original sin by saying original sin should not exist.

All this bewailing things that must necessarily be grows very tiresome; a man's temper sometimes runs wild, therefore he should have no temper at all; a man's head occasionally aches, therefore his head should be cut off. And in another vein, ignorance sometimes works hardships, therefore, there should be no ignorance; original sin has evil effects, therefore, there should be no original sin. In the first bootless argument there is no recognition that both a head and a temper can serve some useful purpose, that it is only when they are used inordinately that they work evil; in the second there is no recognition that while perhaps it would be better if original sin and ignorance did not exist, they do exist, and are not by any means to be put aside by the perspicacious assertion that we should do away with them.

—R. B. M.

BLOCKS FOR WRITERS

FROM Canada comes a suggestion for increasing student contributions to the college journal. The idea is that every contribution is to earn a certain number of points, which points are to mount up into units, and when a contributor has something like five units in general reporting, five in departmental and twelve in literary work, he is to receive a handsome block letter of no less size and splendor than the ones received by the school's athletes. The attaining this letter is supposed to be made so difficult as to insure the junior who receives one the editorship for the coming year, and also to insure a burning desire among all the students of the school to earn a letter before graduation When everybody in the school is striving for these letters, of course the editor will be snowed under with manuscripts of one description and another, but even so, says the writer, that condition is preferable to the arrangement whereby he must beg on bended knee at least three times for every contribution, only to find that he must rewrite or revise each contribution himself after he does receive it. Well, after the editor has made his choice of the best contributions of the month, or week as the case may be, he turns the bundle of manuscripts over to his keeper of the units, who transfers the legible and appropriate mark he finds on each manuscript to the book from which awards are made.

If anyone at Saint Mary's is so sanguine as to believe that this system would improve the quality of the journalism now being turned out here, Canada welcomes him to the idea.

Were Abelard to come back, his curiosity would certainly be excited and his sense of humour roused by much that he would see and hear in the intellectual life of the twentieth century. He might well wonder whether, despite his amazing intellectual conquests made so long ago, he had not lived and taught in vain.—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

"THE MEN BEHIND BOOKS"

THE greatest influence that books possess is the personalities of the great authors who have clothed their souls between the two covers. Personal character is the most predominant motivating power in our lives. In your mind and in mine there are men and women whom we consider the moulders of our souls. It usually is a mother or father, a bosom friend, or perhaps a teacher, a part of whose nature we have absorbed. The greatest doers of good are the individuals who lead others by their own example. It is not the fortunate of the majority to boast the personal friendship of a very great man, but fortunately some geniuses have extended their most intimate thoughts to untold millions by encasing themselves in books.

We should consider books not as printed pages, cloth bindings and labels, but as men. They are living personalities with whom I may form a most intimate acquaintance in one evening. After my perusal I have within me a part, small or great, of the character of the author. Just as mother, father, and teacher have become part of me, so has the writer. It is not the style nor the technique of a story, but the sincerity and intensity with which the author reveals himself, which forms he treasure of our bookshelf. In sorrow, dejection, when the joy seems to have gone from life, when discouragement and downheartedness rule, you can go to these fellows and chat with them, and return to the world a new man.

In the famous Russian novelist, Tolstoy, we have a typical author. The author had been a taster of all the sweets of life, amassed a fortune, moved in the most exclusive circles and was recognized by the world as a literary genius. Yet he was not happy. It was only when he donned the habit of a peasant and took for a home a squalid little mountain hut in the Caucasus, that he found the treasure for which he was searching. The treasure that he found is embedded in his "Master and Man" and in this little work he gives to the world the doctrine that happiness is found in living for others. He died about seventeen years ago in his dingy cabin but his word still remains and the doctrine he taught will be read whilst there are men left to read and communicate.

Charles Lamb "Essays of Elia" reveal a most magnetic personality. Lamb spent his days in the South Sea Counting House as a clerk. The evenings he spent with books, hsi family and his friends. If you only read a hundred pages of his essays he will become your chuckling, appreciative companion. Every old book shop, every roast pig, every glass of rich wine, every thread-bare clerk stooping over his ledger will take on a fresh and romantic aspect for the friend of Elia.

Never to share the fellowship of the great minds who are preserved in books is to sever oneself from the most rewarding relationships. The chums of boyhood and college often drive away, and although they are happy recollections they are often of the past and impossible to renew. But the friends we have in books are always at our beck or call.

The companions that we gain in books are not to be left in the study but they are true comrades forever willing to lend a hand over the rocks and bump places in any phase of life. If you hold these thoughts within yourself from day to day you will find that you will become a more natural human being as life flows on.

—BROTHER MATTHEW.

ON CRASHAW'S HYMN TO SAINT TERESA

BEFORE giving an outline of Richard Crashaw's poem on Saint Teresa, I think it fitting that we give a summary of the principal points in this saint's life, in order that we may be better able to understand the incidents related to in this melody of verse.

When St. Teresa was seven years old she ran away from her home at Avila in Spain, in the hope of benig martyred by the Moors. Being brought back and asked the reason of her flight, she replied, "I want to see God, and I must die before I can see him." She then began to build with her brother a hermitage in the garden, and was often heard repeating, "Forever, forever." Some years later she became a Carmelite nun. Frivolous conversations checked her progress towards perfection, but at last, in her thirty-first year, she gave herself wholly to God. A vision showed her the very place in hell to which her own light faults would have led her, and she lived ever after in the deepest distrust of herself. She was called to reform her Order, favored with distinct commands from Our Lord, and her heart was pierced with divine love; but she dreaded nothing so much as a delusion, and to the last acted only under obedience to her confessors, which both made her strong and kept her safe. She died on October 4, 1582.

Reference is made to practically all of these happenings in Richard Crashaw's poem; he has woven a beautiful poem around the life of this saint. Each sequence is enhanced by the grandeur that can be obtained only by verse. But we must read the poem to appreciate the contents.

The opening words of the poem tell us of the marvelous power of love possessed by the great army of martyrs, and how love took up its abode in the heart of a little child. Scarce had Teresa learned to lisp the name of martyr, when she would embrace death. She could not see why people liked to live when, by dying, they could be with their Lord. The author then explains that it is love that makes martyrs and not years or limbs. She finds no mother at home to pour her kisses on so she decides to go to the Moors. Through the poet's words, Teresa bids adieu to the world and all that it holds for her.

Her Spouse, whom she wishes to go to so quickly, calls her back to suffer a milder martyrdom. He explains that she is too good to die and that unless she makes some good use of her life it will be wasted. Having given her life, it is only He, who has the right to pierce her with his dart; she will be pierced with the darts of sorrow, joy, discomfort, and love for her Master. When she has fulfilled her life's mission and withstood temptation, the Master will take her and her reward will be so great for having done His bidding that she will be glad that she made the sacrifice. The mistress of heaven shall come and make room in the first rank of her eternal home. Angels shall greet her and all her good works will be waiting for her at the door of Heaven to form a crown for her head. Then, she shall see the thousands of beings that have merited heaven, saints, martyrs, virgins, and faithful souls. Having seen the number of those that she had caused to merit Heaven, she will follow the steps of the King of Heaven. But to win all this she must have lived in life and learned to die.

At the termination of the poem, the author adds an apology as having written it when he was yet a Protestant. It states that he has received the grace of embracing the religion that was Saint Teresa's by reading her writings. From the works of this venerated saint, he learned the great power of love. Then, he tells how race prejudice enter not in the Christian creed; baptism makes them all as one. The words of Saint Teresa were such an incentive to the author that he cannot believe that they are Spanish, and maintains that they are heavenly. He does not wish to partake of the worldly life of drinking; he wishes to imitate the angels. He ends by saying that he wishes to live a long time that he may reap a harvest of good for others.

Lastly, comes "The Flaming Heart" written upon the book and picture of the seraphical Saint Teresa, as she is usually expressed with a seraphim beside her. He describes the picture, telling us that this is the seraphim and that this is the saintly Teresa. Then, he tells us to transpose the picture, transposing the saint for the seraphim and vice versa. Censuring the painter for his portrayal of the saint, he proceeds to tell him how he should have painted Teresa, a strong and determined woman. He insists that the saint be given the dart instead of the seraphim because she shoots the darts of love into the hearts of men. He claims the seraphim is the better picture, and that the flaming heart is all that is needed to portray Saint Teresa. The fiery heart is then eulogized in many lines. Then he asks her to let his life die, in order that he may live the life she led. With this beautiful thought the poem closes.

The work is most interesting. First, the theme of the poem is an interesting one, because of its bearing on the religion we are so intimately acquainted with. Secondly, the rhythm and rhyming of the lines is very fascinating. Third, it shows one of the unique ways of love and the motives that prompt it. Fourth, it shows how foolish we art to covet life when we can enjoy such happiness after death, if we have been good. Fifth, it gives us an intimate acquaintance with the patron saint of Spain.

—EDWARD J. SMIDDY, '30.

CLASSIC FAIRY TALES

THE habit of telling stories is one of the most primitive characteristics of the human race. The most ancient civilization, the most barbarous savages of whom we have any knowledge, have yielded to investigators clear traces of the possession of this practice. The specimens of their narrative that have been gathered from all the ends of the earth and from the remotest times of which we have written record show traces of purposes, now religious and didactic, now patriotic and political; but behind the purpose one can discern the permanent human delight in the story for its own sake.

The oldest stories are the myths; not the elaborated and sophisticated tales that one finds in say, Greek Epic and Drama, but the myth pure and simple. This is the answer of science to the question of the barbarous child, the explanation of the thunder or the rain, of the origin of man or of fire, of disease or death. The form of such myths is accounted for by belief in animism, which assumed personality in every object and phenomenon, and conceived no distinction in the kind of existence of a man, a dog, a tree, or a stone.

But in the primitive myths the divinities are not personifications, for there was no figure of speech involved; the storm, the ocean and the plague were to the myth makers actually persons.

As a new method of thinking developed towards the divinities, writers attempted to make the myths creditable and reasonable. This uplifting, so to speak, failed entirely, because in some countries the people could not be educated into the new way of thinking. The result has been that the fairy tales have remained with us because of their value as real entertainment. By glancing at the titles of some of Grimm's Tales we will see to what an extraordinary extent these simple stories have become the common property of all peoples.

Much credit in the work of preserving the classic fairy tales must be given to the Grimm brothers whose labors extended over a long period of years. The result of their work has been the production of one of the most delightful story books in the world, and the preservation for the scientific student in mythology and folk-lore a mass of invaluable material, which was, during the lives of these two men beginning to disappear.

Another great source of classic fairy tales has been found in the Arabian Nights. Just as Cervantes' "Don Quixote" has been a source book for all great novelists, so also has the "Arabian Nights" been a voluble fountain into which a great number of literary artists have dipped their pens.

We are sometimes prone to think that the fairy tale is something fit only for our childhood days. We take the words of the Gospel too much to heart when it tells us to put away the things of a child. Yes, we should put away our playthings when we grow up, but there are certain things which we are not certain of as children, but as men we will undoubtedly look upon as something really worth while, and among the first is the fairy tale which often sent us to bed with the feeling that we might not find ourselves alive in he morning.

Just as we have learned that poems are not things effeminate, let us convince ourselves that the fairy tale is not at all childish, and having done this make it our aim that we will place a volume of fairy tales in our library with a feeling that if it is not there, we are missing something that is very fine in the world of literature.

—HARRY BERTAIN, '29.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE COLLEGIAN is very glad to announce that Professor Tomer, upon the recommendation of Dr. McPherson, noted chemist and writer, has been elected to membership in the American Chemical Society. Notification of that fact is as follows:

AMERICAN CHEMICAL SOCIETY
Office of the Secretary
Mills Building, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to inform you that you have been elected to membership in the American Chemical Society and are now enrolled as a member.

Our Journals have been ordered sent you beginning with January 1, as membership always begins with the calendar year.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES L. PARSONS, Secretary.

Drama

I. R. McVAY

"THE DOVE"

AFTER viewing "The Dove," Richard Bennet's latest opus, there seems to be no getting away from the impression of the stupidity that will allow a vast amount of time, money and energy to be spent upon such melodramatic and near-spectacular piffle. To view the production by acts we have a first act that drags wearily; a second act that shows some promise of plot and action, but leaves the promise more or less unredeemed; with a third act in two scenes both very pretty and at the same time pretty awful. This play is not quite as bad as the ill-fated "Creoles" but it must be understood we are speaking relatively.

Recalling the various scenes, and bits of action of this melodrama there comes to mind one satisfactory bit, an instance of a well handled scene and at the same time of a genuine "conflict of wills." The eminent Senor Tostado, our heavy villain, has entered the gambling den with the obvious intent of frightening the hero, but the lad happens to be bold enough to beard the lion in his den with a few threats of his own. In the scene, Bennet plays the character Tostado, with all his art, and it is the nearest thing to a serious piece of work to be witnessed in two plays. We say that advisedly, realizing that the roles he handles are seldom poorly done, but rather the reaction is unfavorable toward him because of the personality of the role and the peculiar satisfaction of the actor in the particular characterizations.

We may be questioned on our judgment of play by those who were enchanted by the work of Dorothy Mackaye, in the role of Dolores Romero, "the Dove." Hers is a personality that is vivacious and colorful. She is a prankish, romantic figure, a delicate picture in smudgy surroundings. But since the play is the thing, which it is not in this case, even a personality cannot be expected to carry such a burden, and it does not.

The play is the work if Willard Mack and he in turn took the story from one written by Gerald Beaumont a la Red Book Magazine. That makes it necessary for the story to take place in romantic land of Mexico, particularly in a dance hall. Our Dove is an entertainer on whom the eyes of the wealthy Senor Tostado rest with considerable favor. He would entertain the lady at his hacienda, but the arrangement does not appeal to the embarrassed young lady. Then to the rescue comes the young American, who rolls the dice in the gambling joint across the street. They fall in love. But the Senor is a persistent and scheming gentleman. He attempts to lay a trap for the American who beats the trapper to the draw and kills him, and since the trapper was a cousin of the rich Senor Tostado, things look bad for the American.

The usual way of relieving the situation is placed in the hands of the Dove, who, finally pressed to the point of desperation, consents to save the loved one. He escapes, but comes back and saves the gal, to leave the Senor announcing to all the world his magnanimity and profanely reminding all of his qualities as a gentleman.

One can group a few things of discernible merit to remember. The two exterior sets in the last act were beautiful, and their beauty was further enhanced by the professional excellence of well executed lighting. Then, Bennet's work, if you like it, was good. His subtleties of expression, his naturalness of pantomine are done well, but we must confess a dislike. Purely personal, of course, but we might have reasons for the same. Several others in the cast were capable and did something with what they had to work, notably Elmer Ballard (Little Bill) a character injected to cause a few tears from the audience and a few laughs. But you would do well to save the money and see "The Vagabond King."

THE ARABIAN

THERE is something heart warming in seeing good work recognized; it awakens a sense of the fitness of things, of the liveableness of life, but matters are quite the opposite when a not too critical public allows the same quality to pass unnoticed. We have a slight fear that this latter fact was true in the case of Walker Whiteside's production of "The Arabian" recently presented at the Columbia theater. This theater is generally conceded to be a poor house, that is, for one reason or another the audiences are meager and unless there is that in a play which has received public acclaim the house can be considered as not guaranteeing a financial success.

A chance for a remarkable contrast is offered by Richard Bennet in "The Dove" and Walker Whiteside in "The Arabian." Both are melodramatic forms of expression and the actors have a certain similarity but their art is different. There is less of the temperamental ego apparent in the work of Whiteside. Not that he is utterly devoid of it, he would never be a star without it. But he has a finish and an urbanity which is lacking in the coarser realism noticeable in the work of Bennet. As far as the plays are concerned, it is all contrast, there is no comparison. Whiteside himself wrote "The Arabian" and did a good job of it. It was a pleasure, for a change, to sit down and see the working out of a sound scheme of writing. As an instance, Whiteside makes use of that muchly abused thing called the long arm of co-incidence; does it convincingly and without making matters seem far-fetched. The why of the matter was simply that the play had a definite relation to the rules of dramaturgy.

The cast was presumably an English group, usually good actors those whom we have seen, and these were not unusual. We experienced a slight difficulty in the matter of hearing as an occasional drawl did not allow proper reception of what was said, and we were wondering whether to blame the house or the actor.

It is somewhat of a rarity to find an actor who is also his own producer and playwright, and what adds to this unusual fact is that all three tasks are done well in this instance. As a specialist, Whiteside effects an exotic, oriental atmosphere throughout his drama for which achievement he has won fame. This latter instance was a chief reason in our desire to witness his production and we found the case to be true. We were likewise afforded a treat in settings. The second and third acts are the interior of Abd el Rey's tent in the desert, which meant a scheme of drapes and a sight to study.

The story is centered about this figure Abd el Rey, a wealthy Arabian. He has had a unique history in that his education has been an occidental one, particularly English. It was in England that he loved a girl of that country, a love that he has never forgotten and which was forcibly broken up by English authorities. Years later the story opens in Cairo revealing the efforts of the military forces to capture an Arabian bandit, supposedly under the protection of Abd el Rey. In this military group, a young English captain must bid farewell to his sweetheart shortly after her unexpected arrival from England. Pressed for reasons as to why she has come alone to Cairo, she pleads her love for the captain, and something else which she cannot understand. Some peculiar urge to find someone in the desert who is unknown to her, but of whom she is vaguely conscious of knowing.

Upon her meeting the Abl el Rey, that gentleman offers her his protection and transportation into the desert since she cannot leave with the military forces. Upon arrival in the desert the Arabian gentleman's band surrounds the British forces and disarms them. There follows a case of Oriental intrigue during which treachery is to result in the English being shot, with the one alternative, that the young Englishwoman leave all behind and remain in the desert. The possibility is offset, however, by the revelation that the girl is the daughter of Abl el Rey from the woman he had lost in England.

—I. R. M.

"EVERYMAN PROMISES TO BE THE BEST PLAY YET GIVEN BY THE STUDENT PLAYERS

When it was announced that "Everyman" had been chosen as this year's play to be given by the Student Players of Saint Mary's College, there was some murmuring of disapproval. Quite a few of the more deeply interested in the production were afraid that "Everyman" was too old and that a newly written play would go much better.

Frankly, the writer was among those who really had more faith and confidence in the powers of Brother Leo, Louis F. Le Fevre, and James L. Hagerty than in a play that is spelled as the words in "Everyman" are. However, since seeing just how the play is going to be presented and after hearing some of the lines interpreted, the writer has come to the conclusion that he was wrong and that "Everyman" is going to be second to no other play ever presented by Saint Mary's.

"Everyman" was presented by the Student Players of Saint Mary's several years ago and Professors Le Fevre and Hagerty are drawing a good deal upon the experience gained in that production to make the present production a mark for future presentations to be guided by. Last week end Mr. Hagerty went to Pasadena for the express purpose of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ran Kennedy concerning the presentation of "Everyman." Mrs. Kennedy created "Everyman" when it was put on by the Ben Greet players in this country several years ago. The extended run that the play had at that time proves what a wonderful drawing card it is, and that it is a play that really has something to it. It does not rely upon a minimum of clothes upon a maximum of nudity to attract its crowds. It appeals to the intellect rather than to the emotions, hence, when it is properly staged, such a thing as playing to an empty theater is never known to "Everyman."

The cast has been working for some time, to ensure that when the time comes to appear before the public during Holy Week, there will not be any fine lines left to be smoothed out. More performances than usual will be given

Continued on page 7, col. 4

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Sports

RAYMOND J. ARATA, Editor ELLSWORTH HEINZE

SAINTS TROUNCE BEARS

The St. Mary's Varsity baseball team, fresh from their two victories over Stanford, traveled out to West Field, on the University of California campus the other afternoon to wallop the Bears to the tune of 10 to 0. The game itself was not so much to witness from the standpoint of thrills and spectacular plays.

The twirling of "Abe" House, Saint pitching ace, was a revelation. "Abe" let the Bear sluggers down with three hits, all coming after the sixth inning, and all of the scratch variety. Up to the sixth inning but two men had reached first base, both by walks. In the nine innings only one man reached second base, Nemechek, Bear pitcher, who got a double, of freak variety over third base. Two other "dinky" hits closed the Bear's offensive attempts for the afternoon.

For the Saints, Biggs hit three, including a three-bagger. Leo Rooney hit two, one a healthy threebagger with the bases bulging, and Bettencourt hit four, one a mighty clout which went under the left center field fence on the first bounce. Ground rules allowed Larry only three bases.

The fielding of "Cowboy" Smith was also one of the features. "Sparky" Farrell was full of pep and supplied those seated in back of the Saints' bench with amusement by kicking over the bats and predicting a rally which came true on two or three occasions.

The Saints scored in every inning but the fourth and the ninth.

For California, Nemechek pitched a fairly good game, but whatever chance he had of winning was spoiled by glaring errors made by his mates at critical times.

If the Saints can keep up the brand of ball displayed against California in their next league games, they should without a doubt, walk home with the League Pennant. The team is well balanced, being strong in every department, offensively and defensively.

—N. S.

FRESHMEN WIN 5 OUT OF 7 GAMES

During the past two weeks the Freshman team, under the direction of Coach Conlon, has won five out of the seven baseball games that they have played.

The Freshmen team is well organized and has well-seasoned ball players in each position. Their pitchers, Conlon, Hamilton, Illia, Rose and Porcella have been going fine and holding their opponents to few hits. The infield consists of Ackerman, Bogan, Silva and Simas; while in the outfield, Eagan, Lydon and Segetti do their share of the work.

The first three games of the season were with the California Freshmen. Our Frosh won the first game, 4 to 3, using Conlon, Illia and Hamilton in the box. In the next game, Conlon worked the whole game and won his game, 8 to 3. The third game was a big upset, the Cal. Frosh having a field day, driving Conlon and Hamilton to all parts of the field, winning 12 to 1. Other games:

	R.	H.	E.
Mission High	1	3	1
Freshmen	11	14	1
Driscoll & Hinz			
Hamilton & Figroid			
Poly Engineers	0	0	2
Freshmen	4	2	1
Noran & Huber			
Porcella & Dorval			
Fremont High	0	0	0
Freshmen	3	4	0
Boener & Mock			
Rose, Hamilton & Dorval			
St. Mary's High	4	3	2
Freshmen	9	8	2
Sulik & McPherson			
Rose, Steward & Figroid			

PHOENIX TAKE THIRD GAME FROM STANFORD

Having already won two games from the Stanford baseball team, the Varsity again traveled down to the Farm to take the third game by a score of 3 to 1.

Abe House started for the Phoenix and pitched fine ball, allowing only five hits, while our boys collected ten hits for themselves.

With all their hits, our men seemed unable to score until the last two innings. In the eighth, on hits by Biggs and Smith, one run was scored, and again in the ninth on hits by Bill, Joe Rooney and Tawse we scored two more.

Boyd Smith starred at bat for the Varsity, getting two doubles and a single, while Joe Rooney gathered two singles.

The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Stanford	1	5	2
Varsity	3	10	3
Collins & Sypher			
House & Kasper, Tawse			

McCORMICKS ALL-STARS LOSE TO VARSITY

The Varsity experienced little trouble in defeating the McCormicks All-Stars in a fast game by the score of 5 to 0. The All-Stars were held to only four hits by Illia and McVay, while the Varsity gathered 8 hits.

The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Varsity	5	8	2
McCormicks	0	2	2
Illia, McVay & Kasper			
Maddock & McDonald			

HOW THE SAINTS ARE HITTING

Below are the batting averages of the men who participated for Saint Mary's in the first three collegiate baseball games of the present schedule. Due to the fact that they represent only the first three games of the season they are by no means very much of a basis for grading the players according to their ability. Leo Rooney, "Cowboy" Smith and Dondero, have picked up in their hitting in the last few games and their respective averages at the present time are much better, while Brownie Bettencourt has fallen slightly from the grand average of .600, which was almost too good to be true. The averages are:

Bettencourt	.600
Biggs	.454
Rooney, J.	.333
Bill	.250
House	.250
Farrell	.200
Smith	.183
Rooney, L.	.154
Dondero	.154

SANTA CLARA OVERWHELMS SAINT MARY'S NINE

After winning four in the new Coast conference the Varsity lost their first game to Santa Clara baseball team by a score of 13 to 6.

It seems as if the name "Fighting Irish" might have been given to the Broncos, so hard did they fight to win the game. Our boys seemed to have forgot that it was an Irish holiday and played terrible baseball.

Abe House, our star chucker, started the game and it was no more than an inning till it was seen that he was not right. While he lasted he walked six men. In the second inning he was relieved by Knowles, who fared little better. After McVay had his turn, "Pope" Illia finished the game. In the last three innings Illia set the Bronco hitters down, not allowing them a hit.

Santa Clara scored most of their runs through bases on balls and poor baseball. Our men seemed able to field the ball well, but did not know what to do with it after they had it.

Our Varsity started the game as a fine team, scoring 4 runs in the first inning, on four hits. From then on they were held in check by Simoni, Santa Clara hurler. In the last inning they attempted a rally, but it fell far short.

The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Santa Clara	13	13	2
St. Mary's	6	8	6
Casanova, Simoni & Regan			
House, Knowles, McVay, Illia & Kasper, Tawse			

PHOENIX DEFEAT FRESHMEN

On March 16th, Coach Madigan's charges clashed with Coach Conlon's Freshmen, and the result was a victory for the Phoenix, which goes to prove that Slip's Buick is better than Dutch's pride and joy.

The game was well played and interesting to watch. Sam Illia, Freshman pitcher, held the Varsity to six hits, which feat speaks for itself. "Pope" Illia and Segetti contributed the sensational catches of the day. "Pope," of football fame, acting like after a long pass, caught a hard drive in right field. He was headed for the fence,

Devereux

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GOOD EATS

WHISKERS

The Sophomores at California indulged in a "chinchilla-on-the-larynx" growing contest that ended last Saturday.

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running at full speed with his hand in the air when the ball hit the desired spot.

The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Varsity	7	6	1
Freshmen	2	4	2

O'Keefe, Dana & Kasper
Illia & Dorval

BRONCOS WIN SERIES

In the third and final game of the basketball series with Santa Clara, the Broncos managed to nose out the Saints and win their first basketball series in five years. The final score was 24 to 19. It was a great game to watch, both sides fighting tooth and nail to the final whistle. The Saints may have lost the game, but they have one consolation, namely, that they outfought Santa Clara throughout the whole game.

It is not customary to make up alibis after a game, but in the case of the last game we are surely justified in claiming one or two "ifs." First, "if" Eddie Tazer had been in the game, with the team fighting as it did, there would have been no question as to the outcome. Secondly, "if" Jerry Linares had Lady Luck on his side he would have defeated Santa Clara single handed. As it was, time after time Jerry would let fly for the bucket only to watch the ball roll in and out and around a few times, and then roll obligingly out into the waiting arms of Maroney or Barsi, Bronco guards. However, taking all in all the game was hard fought and close throughout, and it was witnessed by about 4,500 fans who yelled themselves hoarse for their favorite team.

The game as was predicted developed into a defensive battle with both teams watching each other very closely. The Saints broke into the point column about five minutes after the commencement of the first half when Linares converted a free throw. Santa Clara came back shortly with a field goal and a free throw to put them in the lead. Here the defense of both teams tightened and scoring was very slow. However, during this time some very spectacular plays were made. Then it was not long before the Bronco forwards, Gough and Schuppert, got going, and receiving the necessary support from their mates, began dropping them in from all angles of the court. But the Saints, led by Linares, who, in the absence of Tazer, was compelled to bear the brunt of the shooting, kept right behind the Broncos. As said before, with a few breaks the Saints would have been leading at the end of the first half instead of trailing 14 to 10. The guarding of "Sig" Lein, who, incidentally, was jumping center and then hot-footing it back to guard, and "Heine" Driscoll, was a revelation. However, the guards cannot prevent points when the opposing "dead eyes" start looping them on a dead run from the center of the court.

The second half was a repetition of the first with the Broncos being able to keep a couple of jumps ahead of the Saints. For a time it looked as though the Saints were going to tie it up. A spurt, combined with the old fight, made the Broncos tighten up. It was at this point that the heart breaking incident of the game took place. In a scrimmage under the Saints' basket, in taking the ball off the backboard, "Sig" Lein, anxious to throw it down the court, managed, in some unknown way or another, to shoot a bucket for the Broncos. This shot seemed to have a disastrous effect on the team, for Santa Clara's forwards, Gough and Schuppert, shot two field goals in rapid succession. This gave Santa Clara a decided edge, and it was only a matter of a few minutes and another bucket by the Broncos, and the game ended 24 to 19 in favor of Santa Clara.

For the Saints, Linares was the big star. "Jerry" knew it was up to him to share the work of Eddie Tazer with Jim Underhill. He did and made a good job of it. He had a tough battle on his hands with the two Santa Clara guards, who were plenty big, and more than one time Jerry was bounced off the floor. But let it be said every time he was hit hard he came back and fought ten times harder. So, with all due consideration to the other members of the team, Jerry Linares deserves to be considered the star of the Saints in that game. He also managed to roll up 9 points, two field goals and five fouls.

To Capt. Jim Underhill, who not only concluded his basketball days at Saint Mary's, but also his college athletic career, the tribute must be paid that Jim always fought to the last ditch. Saturday night was no exception. Jim was in the thick of the fight the whole night, and what was said about Linares may also be said of Jim Underhill. Lady Luck was against him. His shots were also heart breakers, every one hitting the bucket but failing to go in.

To Bill Schwagerl fell the job of taking Eddie Tazer's place on the court. He made a fine showing, shooting one of the prettiest buckets of the evening. He also played a nice floor game, stopping numerous Bronco shots.

Sig Lein was right in the battle the whole night, "busting" up plays and blocking every shot he could get near, and let me tell you he spoiled plenty of shots. What is said of Lein may also be said of Driscoll, who played his first game since his injury in the Olympic Club game.

Skarich, who substituted for both Underhill and Schwagerl, fought hard like the others on the team. He had no shots to speak of.

For Santa Clara all looked good, especially Gough and Schuppert. Barsi and Maroney both played a very consistent game at guard until removed on account of 4 personal fouls. Connolly at center was also very much in evidence.

The yells of the rival rooting sections enlivened the contest, and the 4,500 fans who witnessed the game will readily testify that it was a fitting climax to one of the most successful basketball seasons in the bay district.

—N. S.

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BRONCOS NOSE OUT SAINTS

The second game of the Saint Mary's-Santa Clara basketball series proved to be the best game ever witnessed at Kezar Pavilion. Saint Mary's was anxious to win the game and capture the title, and Santa Clara was determined to even the series and get another crack at the title. The result was a closely contested and hard fought game. Eddie Tazer received a broken nose and an injured arm when he crashed with Schuppert of Santa Clara and relieved that gentleman of three of his teeth.

Santa Clara drew first blood of the game, when Jack Gough sank a foul. The Saints were unable to hit their stride, until Eddie Tazer shot a basket and started the Saints' score rolling. The Broncs stepped out and took a big lead near the end of the first period, and "Octy" Johnson, the "blind man," was sent in and pulled the Saints out of the hole. Within five minutes, Octy had found the basket for two goals. By the end of the half, the Saints were one point short of tieing a 14-13 score.

The second half was so fast that even the referee could not keep up with it. The Varsity came back with renewed vigor and started a whirlwind offense. The Saints forged ahead, but were forced to relinquish the lead when Santa Clara scored. Jimmy Underhill put the Saints ahead again by a fine field goal from the center of the court. Eddie Tazer added another basket and Octy Johnson contributed a foul to give us a 20-16 lead with ten minutes to go,

The Santa Clarans came back and overcame the lead to give them an even chance with the score 21-21. Like a flash of lightning, Eddie Tazer put another field goal through the net and followed it by two free throws. This gave the Saints a 25-21 lead, and the Saint fans breathed easier—but not for long. The Broncs staged a last minute rally and put it over. They rung the basket, until they made the score 26-25 in their favor. They managed to hang on to the lead for the remainder of the game and found themselves on the long side of the 31-29 score.

The weakening of the Saints defense at critical moments of the game spelled defeat, but the individual playing of every man was deserving of credit. Eddie Tazer walked off with high point honors, having 11 points to his name, despite his broken nose and injured arm. His floor game was excellent and saw him continuously breaking up Santa Clara's star plays. His playing brought praise from every fan. "Jimmy" Underhill was right on Tazer's heels with 9 digits and a game of brilliant playing to his credit. He displayed fine form and consistency in shooting. Jerry Linares, running mate for Tazer, displayed the skill that has made him one of the outstanding cagers of the bay district. He played a remarkable floor game and sunk two field goals besides. Sig Lein displayed fine judgment in guarding the goal and caused many of the Broncs' shots to go for naught. Arata and Johnson performed at running guard, and divided the honors of that position. Ray showed a lot of class and skill, and Octy duplicated his performance and set the fans gossiping over his eyesight after shooting two successive field goals.

LEIN ELECTED 1928 BASKETBALL CAPTAIN

At a recent banquet given to the 1927 Basketball Varsity an election was held to decide the successor to Capt. Jim Underhill, who is a member of the outgoing Senior class As a result, the members of the squad named "Sig" Lein as their leader for the 1928 season.

Jim Underhill, whom "Siggy" succeeds, ended a collegiate athletic career at this banquet that will stand for years as a record for aspiring athletes to emulate. Jim played four years on the Varsity Basketball squad and during those years he displayed all the qualifications of manhood; his gridiron record can stand for itself as the acme of achievement. Brother Gregory, in speaking at the banquet, paid the following tribute to the retiring captain:

"In all the four years that Jim Underhill has represented Saint Mary's he has proven himself on all occasions to be a real gentleman; I may say that his record as a gentleman athlete at Saint Mary's has never been equalled."

"Siggy" Lein will take up the captainship next year with the whole student body behind him. "Sig" is one of the best liked students around the campus. He radiates personality. Everywhere he goes he brings with him that sunshine that seems so characteristic of his blonde hair and sunny smile. Sig has all the characteristics of a real leader, and, with the loss of only Capt. Underhill of the entire squad, prospects are exceedingly bright.

Adieu Jim! Good luck, Sig!

VARSITY DEFEAT KENNEALY SEALS

In a close game played on the College field, the Varsity added another victory to their list by defeating the Kennealy Seals by a score of 3 to 2.

The Saints' batters were held to four hits by the Seals' pitchers, but these came when they were needed the most. In the 5th inning, Bettencourt led off with a single, and after Bill and Dondero had been retired, Joe Rooney singled over short, to score the first run of the game. The Saints scored again in the 6th and 7th innings, on two hits.

Abe House pitched the first five innings, holding the Seals to one hit and no runs. Ray Knowles finished, allowing them two runs in the 7th inning, on three hits.

	R.	H.	E.
Kennealy Seals	2	4	3
Varsity	3	4	2

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* *

It's just about time for some Art League to object to the color scheme of the new traffic signals.

* * *

INSIDE STUFF

Ass't. Editor: "Why didn't you accept Lippincott's last story?"

Editor: "Too improbable. He started off saying the hero found the Co-op store open and walked in."

* * * *

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Extraordinary effect obtained by Mr. Ritichie C. McNob resulting from the crossing of a Ford transmission with a dirigible. This new invention is called a "Henandoah" because of its origin, and it is used extensively in Czechoslovakia in the pretzel bending industry. The machine in the illustration was captured by One-Eyed Connolly and is being brought to this country to be scrapped according to the terms of the Disarmament Treaty of 1924.

——::——

CURRENT EVENTS

What would happen if Panama prohibited the importation of Fords and then seized a cargo of them a hundred miles off their coast on the grounds that they were going to be smuggled into the country? Laugh that off! Our Correspondent is now at work on this problem. Watch for his reports on the question to appear soon. Also some intimate interviews with prominent Nicaraguans.

——::——

Novelist: "I've just completed my story."

Wife: "Great! We are almost out of coal."

* * *

Outside: "How long are you going to be in that shower?"

Inside: "Oh, about five feet eleven."

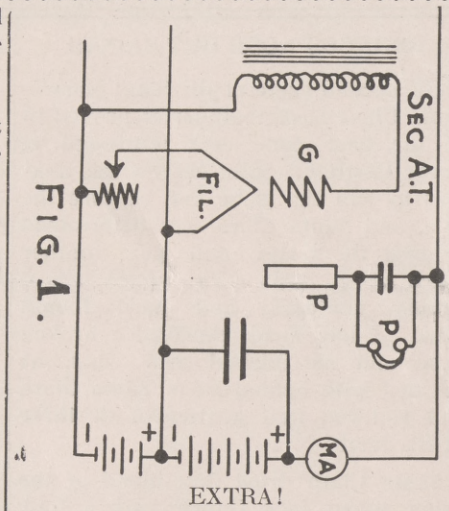


FIG. 1.

EXTRA!

WAR RUMOR SETTLED

The above sketch, which was smuggled into Hawaii by our Asiatic correspondent, clearly shows the Chinese situation and definitely dispells the rumor of a war with Sumatra. Our correspondent had a wade the Yo Neckem river with hip boots to get through the lines, and while doing so was shot several times at least. (If you cannot read the chart as it is, turn it upside down and stand on your head.) Watch for further articles on the Chinese War.

OUR MEN YOU SHOULD KNOW SERIES

No. 14

Miss Bertha Zarelda, head of our foreign exchange department, has just returned from Watsonville where she exposed the latest thing in cults. Enthused by her success there she said to our Correspondent, "The old-fashioned girl used to stay at home—provided the family were going out." Miss Zarelda exhibited several fine trophies gathered on her recent trip. Among them was a silver cocktail shaker used in the cult rites. Miss Zarelda is now on her way to Weepah where she will personally investigate the gold rush and interview the gold-diggers of the vicinity.

Watch for her articles in this paper.

Patronize The Collegian Advertisers

Alumni

O'GRADY AND FERRARI

Word has been recently received from Creighton University giving excellent reports of the fine work done by Bill O'Grady, '26, and Al Ferrari, '28, in the medical college there. Both obtained averages of approximately ninety per cent in their studies, leading their classes in some instances. This speaks well for the preparatory training they received at Saint Mary's College, and we heartily congratulate them in their honors.

NORTHBRAY UNIT

Through an oversight, mention of the formation of some of the Alumni Units have been neglected. Among these was the organization of the Northbray Unit on Sunday, January 23 at a dinner on which occasion John P. Plover, '01, was toastmaster. The meeting was a great success and John J. Brush, '17, was elected President of the Unit.

MONTEREY BAY UNIT

On February 6, a dinner was held in Watsonville to organize the Monterey Bay Unit of the Alumni. Frank Trigeiro, "2, was the secretary of the committee in charge and Harry Hooper, '07, was toastmaster for the evening. At that time Eddie Burns, '07, was elected President of the Unit.

LOS ANGELES UNIT

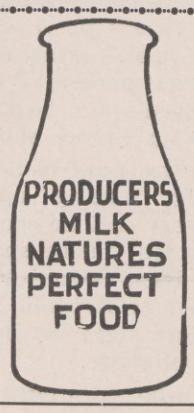
The formation of a Los Angeles Unit of the Alumni is in the hands of Joe O'Connor, '16, an undertaker, who is organizing forces to make a success of the venture.

THOMAS D. MAHER

Thomas D. Maher, M.D., '94, is at present Director of Child Hygiene with the Board of Public Health in San Francisco. On the same board is Doctor John Bohm, '04, a prominent physician in San Francisco.

FRESNO ALUMNI UNIT

William T. Feneran, '20, a prominent insurance man of Fresno, was recently elected President of the Fresno Alumni Unit at an organization meeting there.



CHARLEMAGNE CLUB

Within the past few days the Charlemagne Club has held several meetings of importance. One of these was the monthly meeting of the "Walhalla Bund," German department of the society. During this meeting several papers of interest were read by the members and a talk was given by Lowell Lloyd on Alaska.

Not long afterwards "Les Basochiens" held a reunion; the body of the meeting was devoted to several talks on the principal cities of France which discussions were supplemented with a collection of souvenirs kindly loaned by Francois Biane, '28.

On Wednesday evening, March 23, the entire Charlemagne Club will hold a meeting at which Brother Ralph, Dean of the College, will address the society.

"SPARKY" FARRELL IN THE HOSPITAL

We regret to say that "Sparky" Farrell has had the misfortune to get an infection in his leg again and that it has been necessary for him to go to the hospital for a few days. "Sparky" had the same trouble two years ago during football season, which kept him out of several games. It seems as though Dame Fortune is after "Sparky," as this illness keeps him from working behind the plate where he so efficiently handles the trick balls heaved by Andy House in the collegiate baseball games.

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STAGE DOOR NOTES

If you see Melvin Joseph Cloney packing a staff around these days, it is not because of excessive weakness caused by his recent illness. It is merely the staff that he carries as Good-Dedes in his part in "Everyman."

In choosing George De Lew as Fellowship, it is rumored that George's fame as being a good fellow and having a good knowledge of how the world goes, was a strong factor that easily won him the part. We expect that George will be quite at home as Fellowship.

Raymond Arata is wondering how he should have his name appear on the program. As he is already famous as "Joe" Arata since the basketball series, to the sport world, he is afraid that the public will think it is another man if his name appears as Ray on the theater announcements. However, as Ray has the part of "Everyman" in the play, which is the lead, he will appear under different guises so he should several names.

Clarence Carroll says he will be able to give undivided attention to his work in the play since he knows that the work of managing the play will be efficiently and spiritedly handled by the chairman of the play committee, Francis Lippincot Auger.

Jack Bill plays the part of Strength in the annual play. (He came hurriedly into the photographer's studio the other day with a bright new willow clasped tightly under his wing, and a very determined look on his Samson's countenance. Jack says he was on his way to the Stanford game, and while we don't wish to convey any false ideas, we note that it was with some degree of alacrity that Professor Hagerty bid him God-speed, and procured a substitute for Bill's picture. No wonder Jack patted his newly acquired stick with a satisfied smile. Anyway some of those who had to remain at the studio until 4:30 p. m., are keeping the incident in mind).

"Nick" Nugent makes a pretty live Death, if we may judge from his ability to gather in the soul of Everyman. Why, you just wouldn't believe that such an "angelic" countenance could be made so gruesome. Certainly Nick in costume cannot be used as an advertising appeal to the convent girls. But for that costume—well, judge for yourself. Noel Sullivan as the Angel, (by himself) will ease the advertising manager's mind along these lines, however.

MYSTICISM?

Saint Mary's has long been established and known as a very Catholic organization and most of its students have always been to all outward appearances, good Catholics. But it seems that with the modern age, or at least due to something of recent date, some few students have not only "practiced" but have openly and publicly staged that which is more or less regarded universally as unchristian.

Their most popular stunt has been to answer questions which have been written by members of the audience and sealed in envelopes not returned, however, in the same unsealed condition. Be that as it may the writer, not being one of these mystics and unacquainted with their magic, cannot prove or disprove anything. Another favorite performance is to forecast the baseball scores. I don't think that I would be revealing professional secrets if I said that something must have gone wrong. Perhaps it was the fault of the spirits who either were unusually bad or else were misinformed When asked the outcome of the Santa Clara game the "seer" declared that a victory for Saint Mary's would be natural. 'Nuff said. Previous to that the first Stanford game was guessed, yes, I mean guessed, at 2-1. On this guess the renowned "seer" was at his best for he almost did foretell the amounts of runs that Stanford did not amass.

I won't relate any more of what has occurred in these seances, for I am afraid that those who read this will brand these worthy gentlemen as fakirs and their magic as bunk. That would be the last thing contemplated, for we have been assured by the members of this mystic circle themselves that all is the real stuff, whatever that may mean. In fact the master-mind behind it all is a reputed authority on psychology and psycho-analysis. The seer, not to be outdone by his colleague, is a most profound scholar of philosophy.

It has been rumored that many of the vaudeville circuit booking managers are vieing each other for the honor of contracting these mystics to perform on the public stage. That the rumor originated from authoritive source was assured the writer, for the master-mind one day accidently let out the secret. "The only thing that keeps up from accepting these lucrative offers," said the master-mind, "is the fear that we will put to shame the rest of our brethren. Then, too, a little more of education won't do us any harm." We cannot vouch for the first, but it is certainly not understandable why their spirits and magic art cannot supply them with a mere thing like education.

EVERYMAN

Continued from page 3

this year, so a greater perfection is being striven for. The play will be given at the Dominican College in San Rafael, perhaps at a convent here in Oakland, or in some nearby city, and will be given four times in San Francisco, and two times here in Oakland. In San Francisco the performances will take place at the Playhouse Theater on Post street on the afternoon and evening of April 11, and again on April 13. In Oakland the presentation will be at the Auditorium Theater on the afternoon and evening of April 12.

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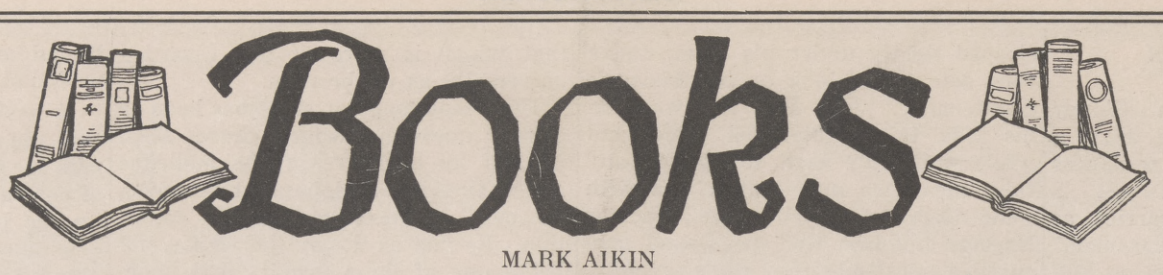

MARK AIKIN

LIBELOUS LITERARY CRITICISM
NOTORIOUS LITERARY ATTACKS

Albert Mordell

Boni & Liveright, New York, 1926

If you like famous attacks, famous because they were written about famous men, read Albert Mordell's "Notorious Literary Attacks" and then do not wonder why reviews and reviewers were the cause of much annoyance to literary geniuses. "When a critic belittles geniuses and extols nonentites," says Mordell, "we may regard his views as curious." He informs us that every critic, from Dr. Johnson to Matthew Arnold, has been guilty of such lapses.

In his introduction Mordell frankly admits that his book is something new; for there has been no work of its nature before the reading public as yet. The reviews set forth are reprints of leading literary magazine articles which appeared during the nineteenth century. It seems most singular that every great poet of that age has received critical abuse for what is now accepted as his masterpiece. Next to Sir Walter Scott the most reviewed writer was Lord Byron. The criticism of his "Don Juan" appears in this collection. It is perhaps, from a moral point of view, the most libelous and calumniating of the selected essays. Lord Byron could thank Blackwood's Magazine, for August, 1819, for the publication of this vile and slanderous account of his personal life. Because his treatment of his wife, Lady Byron, did not please his reviewer, his own character (and not the literary work "Don Juan" in question) was strongly and needlessly dealt with. He was described as an "unrepenting, unsoftened, smiling, sarcastic, joyous sinner—and for such diabolical, such slavish vice, there can be neither pity nor pardon." From the tone of such a statement one is inclined to think that literary reviewers for Blackwood's Magazine in the early nineteenth century were laboring out of their field. They should have concentrated their efforts on social reform movements and should not have used their positions, as critics of things literary, to hold the personal faults of an individual on high for all the world to see and judge.

The "Biographia Literaria" of Samuel Taylor Coleridge was thrashed, and thrashed hard in a review written by John Wilson, and published in Blackwood's for October, 1817. Because of the fact that Coleridge appeared to be vain, his work is picked and torn to pieces. The prediction was candidly made by Wilson that this author would become obscure. It is rather amusing to note that such prophets are remembered very often for their having predicted downfall for a man who lived in spite of them.

Thomas Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Shelley's "Revolt of Islam" were strongly attacked by the would-be infallible reviewers of their time. The only book which received praise from a critic was Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre," and the reason for such praise came from Charlotte Bronte's treatment of governesses—a profession to which the reviewer was particularly attached. Therefore the book "Jane Eyre" was good.

The early works of Thomas Moore were severely criticised in the literary magazines of his day. Keats did not escape the torments of the press, and we know, only too well, how hard the many unkind reviews of his works hit deep into his very soul. He became the target for the assaults of the authoritative school of criticism because he had not adhered to "the established literary rules." He was chastised because he was different.

Albert Mordell in "Notorious Literary Attacks" has given us a collection of abusive reviews which were really and truly abusive. Were they to be written today of contemporary authors our courts would be rushed with libel suits.

—BERNARD E. HALLIGAN, '27.

CREATIVE OXFORD

William S. Knickerbocker
University Press, Syracuse, N. Y., 1925

The author of this volume, which is a thorough-going study of nineteenth century Oxford, takes upon himself the task of proving that, "the spiritual interpretation of Oxford cannot be successfully disengaged from its physical and historic basis."

With this as his object, Mr. Knickerbocker gives us a vivid picture of Oxford in the throes of a mighty struggle. This conflict between liberalism and conservatism forms the background of his picture. The important movements resulting from this conflict such as tractarianism, Oxonian liberalism, classicism and aestheticism and the leaders who initiated or championed them from the high lights of his portrayal which is pervaded by an atmosphere of Oxford's "genius loci" or her consciousness of leadership.

In depicting the conflict between liberalism and conservatism; a conflict which assumed the guise of various reform and anti-reform movements, the author reveals that the leaders of Oxford thought were greatly responsible for this struggle. Thus Newman who lead tractarianism and was the recognized leader of the conservative party, which opposed parliamentary reform, was opposed by Arnold who lead the forces of classicism and was the mainstay of the liberal party. This struggle, although it did much harm to Oxford by arousing bitter feeling on the part of some, still accomplished great good, for out of it were born many of Oxford's most prominent men. The least we can say in its favor is that it stimulated men to original thinking, something that we would do well to pray for in our new universities today.

Mr. Knickerbocker's book would be very helpful to those desiring to study the influence of Oxford on English thought during the nineteenth century.

—BROTHER JEROME.

WHO'S WHO OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

Century Co., N. Y., 1926

To a casual inquirer, the Oxford Movement presents such a complexity of facts and names, that he may despair ever to arrive at the truth of it. So, with a view of ameliorating these difficulties, Dr. Windle has arranged the data, and has commented upon the men who were in so many ways responsible for the movement. A sketch of the course of this great religious awakening is given by way of foreword, thus rendering the book intelligible to all readers.

Dr. Windle's work, despite the already voluminous writing upon the subject, is a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the movement. The matter is treated lucidly, and defined with almost logical precision according to its extension and comprehension. Our author is not content merely to discuss the personages of the affair, but he has included dozens of biographical comments which are not without peculiar literary interest. Above all else, Dr. Windle conveys the impression that the history of the Oxford Movement is little more than a biography of its great leader—Cardinal Newman. With him, all others who were in any way connected with the episode, were inseparably attached.

The many comments, biographical and literary, which our author has added, are of uncommon interest to the student, for they have an air of authenticity, and the vividness of portraits painted from life. In one instance, while describing the influence of Faber, the author humorously remarks: "Faber and his community converted the entire parish except the parson, the pew-opener, and two drunken men." And again, while speaking of W. G. Ward, he says: "Ward's figure was grotesque, almost Falstaffian; though very fat, he walked with a sort of skip, and wore low shoes which he had the habit of kicking off. It is told of him, that being invited to dine at All Souls College, Oxford, where he was a candidate for a fellowship, so that the existing fellows might make his acquaintance, he hopelessly lost his shoes during the meal, and was obliged to leave the room in his stocking-feet. He was not elected."

Dr. Windle's book is alive with stories such as this, which aid the reader vastly in picturing the men who sponsored the great Oxford Movement.

—TERRENCE HALLORAN.

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